

DON'T be paranoid dept. This a.m. I went to the bank to get some things from a safe box. The volume was too great for the plastic portfolio I'd taken. The attendant went to get a manila envelope. There was but a single unwrapped item, a cassette in its original box. I have a clear recollection of laying it on the floor while taking other things out. It blended in with the floor. While driving home, a matter of 10 minutes, I remembered this, checked what I had, called the bank, and no, it was not there. Now there isn't that much traffic in the vault, one man tends it, and he also takes care of the incoming mail. He laid that aside to attend me. The cassette was of or about Dione or an interview with her. Some coincidence. HW 2/20/73